

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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TERMS:

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the American Presbyterian.

THE SACRAMENT NEAR THE HERMITAGE.

Agreeable to the notice previously given, the Senior Editor of this paper together with the Rev. Mr. Smith administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, last Sabbath, in the Church near the Hermitage.

The church is known on our Presbyterian records by the name of Ephesus, and was erected many years since on the domain appertaining to the Hermitage, principally by its venerable proprietor, the Ex-President of the United States. It is beautifully located, and though not spacious, nor even finished, yet it is a delightful Summer Temple for the calm and pure worship of the Triune God. Such at least it seemed to us, during the services of the late solemnity, and especially so when it became the abode of the communion of redeemed spirits, around the table of their present Lord and saviour. While such seasons are generally the most joyous and elevating, which believers can enjoy on earth the one, to which we have alluded, afforded more than ordinary interesting accessions to the church, was numbered one, peculiarly interesting—we mean the Ex-President himself. To the Christian, every spiritual accession to the army of the living God is ground of joy, because every soul is of infinite value and in its redemption, the spiritual empire, and consequently the declarative glory of the Great Captain of his salvation are augmented. Still, on account of the great amount of commanding influence, which distinguished individuals are capable of exercising in the cause of religion when truly converted to God—their conversion to all Christians, cannot be otherwise than a matter of far more than ordinary interest and rejoicing. This perspective of all other considerations is calculated to yield uncommon gratification to all who feel interested in the kingdom of Christ below, when they learn, that General Jackson has solemnly consecrated himself to the promotion of its interests during the remainder of his days. It may well be imagined that the scene was thrilling, when this veteran in years, and in the service of his country, professed allegiance to the Sovereign of all worlds, and promised an eternal fidelity to him, who demands the homage of all created intelligences. How could it be otherwise? A form of no common appearance for inspiring veneration, was standing before the Assembly. It was the form of one, who had long been known as amongst the most distinguished of his country's Generals—who had often perished his life in defence, and who under God had achieved one of the most memorable victories recorded in the annals of modern warfare. Nor is this all. The same venerable form had filled, as a statesman the highest seat in the government of this country, and had been clothed with the highest civic honors which that country, in all its unequalled freedom and independence could bestow.

He had passed through a life of most eventful scenes—he had returned to his own hermitage—to the tomb of his beloved consort,—to the few remaining friends, of his

former days—to some of the surviving children of these friends, and in their view was about pledging himself to become a soldier in a new army and to engage in the performance of duties of higher importance than ever commanded the attention of earthly thrones or confederated states. And to add if possible to the impressiveness of the scene, the partner of his adopted son dear to him indeed as a daughter together with a beloved niece, were also about to seal with him there covenant, for the first time to be the followers of the Prince of Peace. The whole of the preparatory service was deeply interesting, but when the time arrived for him and his relatives, and friends to arise and take their seats at the table of their ascended Redeemer, a scene of weeping gratitude and joy, seemed to pervade the whole congregation.

To see this aged veteran, whose head had stood erect in battle and through scenes of fearful bearing, bending that head in humble, and adoring reverence at the table of his Divine Master, while tears of penitence and joy trickled down his care-worn cheeks was indeed a spectacle of the most intense moral interest. No one, indeed could question the sincerity of his profession of faith in the Son of God. The whole world acquainted with him whether friends or foes, must acknowledge that his lips have spoken in all his varied difficulties the meaning of his heart, and that his actions have always corresponded with his sentiments.

May God bless and uphold him in his last days, and make them his most comfortable and happy days. And when the time for his departure shall arrive may he come to his grave, not only full of years, but full of peace joy and holy triumph.

In all real conversions to God; let us ever remember, that "it is not by might or power, but by the spirit saith the Lord." To his grace then be all the glory:

P. S. The health of the General has been generally comfortable during this season.

It was the Sabbath, and around,
A sacred stillness, like a shroud,
Had settled o'er that holy ground
Where oft, in prayer, the mighty bowed;
While near at hand, 'mid waving bowers,
The Hermitage in beauty smiled—
Where the old warrior, 'neath the flowers,
Of sported with prattling child.

There, when the din of battle died,
And manhood's prime was lost in age;
When weary of earth's pomp and pride—
'Tho' high on fame's immortal page,
With hands unstained, and bosom pure—
The gallant soldier sought a rest
Where baubles bright could not allure;
Where holy peace might fill his breast.

It was the Sabbath; and a host
Had gathered neath that lovely spire,
Whose prota type on Asia's coast
Had seen the Gospel's kindling fire,
In Ephesus he humbly stood,
Whose walls rose at his command;
And joined the phalanx of the good,
And raised to Heaven his feeble hand.

Oh! 'twas a sight so truly grand,
That they who witness wept aloud:
Yes, he the mightiest of the land,
Before his God in meekness bowed,
The hero, who so often hurled
Destruction on his country's foe,
Now owned the Sovereign of the world,
And laid his earthly honors low.

I looked, and lo! before me rolled
The long red line of warrior men;
The flash of brightened steel and gold
Shot thro' the trees and up the glen,
And waved the stars o'er Orleans' spires,
And there, in buff and blue arrayed,
Stood unscarred youth and veteran sires
To live or die as glory bade.

And then commenced the hour of blood,
And war's wild thunder shook the shore,
While Mississippi's giant flood
Received a thousand rills of gore,
Then heard I 'mid the conquering free,
One voice above all others ring,
'Advancing my brave boys, gallantly,
And fearless o'er the breast work spring.'

Onward the wave of carnage rolled,
The British Lion trailed in blood,
And Procerado's host so bold
Sank 'neath the rushing gory flood.

Then sweet the bugle signal swelled,
And ceased the fight where'er it spread,
While loud the dying soldier yelled,
And routed fowens scattering fled.

And who was he who led them forth?
To glory 'mid that gloomy hour—
Who reaped the rich reward of worth,
And mounted high the steep of power?
Behold the bending veteran there,
Beside the altar of his God;
'Twas he who made his sabre bare,
And o'er that field a conqueror trod.

His sun is set. No more the sound
Of trump or drum shall mark his course;
In vain his war horse paws the ground,
In vain war's claxon echoes hoarse,
Freed from a mass of creaking cares,
And his loved ones he reposes;
And while the Christian's cross he bears,
Life's latest stage seems strewn with roses.
Washington, Aug. 1838. J. E. D.

THE FATAL WAGER

FOUNDED ON FACT—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"A cold, dreary light, horr students," said the host of the Double Eagle, as, he threw a faggot of wood upon the fire, around which were seated a knot of students silently smoking their meerschaums, while upon a table near at hand stood a number of empty bottles and drinking cups, bearing evidence of their recent good cheer. The night was far advanced—it was St. Mark's eve—and they had been discussing the numerous superstitions, current among the peasantry respecting this hallowed time. There was a pause in the conversation, and each sat seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts, which to judge from the grave aspect of their countenance, were serious enough. So deeply were they buried in meditation, that none heeded the observation of the landlord. It was towards the close of autumn, and the wind whistled shrilly, as it swept past the crazy old inn, giving token of the approach of stern-visaged Winter.

"Well, Herman," said one of the students, laying aside his pipe, and moving a little from the fire, which now burned brightly—"since you have laughed at all legends and superstitions which have been related to-night, and profess not to believe in the existence of spirits, good or bad, yet there is one concerning which I would ask your opinion. It is said that on the eve of St. Mark's one may see the shades of those who are to die in a short time pass into the church, by watching there at midnight."

"Mere stories to amuse children," replied Herman.

"Did not Burgomeister Wagram declare that he saw, on the eve of St. Mark's as he was returning home late at night from Grosheim, a shadowy figure, the exact counterpart of himself, glide into the porch of the church as he left it—and did he not die a few months afterward?"

"Very true, Herr Rosambert; but you must recollect that old Wagram was esteemed the most temperate in Englebach. And it is well known that, on the occasion alluded to, he was returning from a merry-making, and it is but just to presume that his perceptive faculties could not have been very perfect. It is probable he saw but his own shadow, reflected by the moon, which I remember shone brightly that night; and his disordered intellect and superstitious folly led him to imagine it a spirit. As to his death, which occurred so shortly after, it is my firm belief that it had no more connection with St. Mark's eve, than—than" puzzled for a simile—"than fire has with water."

"Granting all you have said, still I think it somewhat strange. Though I do not profess to be superstitious, yet there is something beautiful in the belief that there are spirits—those of our friends and kindred—who watch over us in our sleeping hours, and hover around during the busy scenes of day guarding us from evil—who, when the sand of life has nearly run, assume a visible shape, and beckon us from this weary world to realms of happiness and bliss."

"All very fine no doubt," said Herman smiling. "I dare say, Rosambert, though you do not profess to be superstitious, yet are you not fearful, as you pass the old church to-night on your way home, of seeing your shade hovering about the church?"

"It is well that your way lies not thither," said Rosambert, rather nettled; "for with all your smiling, I doubt whether you dare trust yourself in its vicinity at the hour of midnight. Indeed, I will wager a dozen of mine host's choicest Burgundy that you dare not."

"Done, Rosambert, done! Gentlemen," said Herman, addressing his brother students, "hear you this wager. Egad, we'll make a night of it! Now Rosambert, I will do more on the faith of thy Burgundy—I will enter the old miser's vault, concerning which there are so many mysterious tales, and should I meet with a spirit 'I'll speak to it, though it blast me.' The tomb is in a dilapidated state, and the entrance is easy. The wager shall be decided this very night."

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed Rosambert; "and that we may know you have been there take this poniard, and stick it into a coffin."

Placing his dagger in his bosom, he turned gaily to his friend, and said with a smile, "Now I am ready—be sure you have the Burgundy uncorked on my return."

He left the inn, and as he wended his way through the village, now buried in repose, the solemn silence which reigned around dissipated his gaiety, and his thoughts took a more serious turn. He felt as if he had acted wrong in unseeing levity on so serious a subject, and then the many terrifying tales respecting the old miser, to whose tomb he was now journeying, came rushing upon his mind—causing him almost to repent his foolish hardihood; but to return without attaining his object, would occasion the ridicule of his friends, and he dreaded being stigmatized as a vain boaster and a coward. He therefore pushed quickly on, and in a short time reached the old church, which at the extremity of the village. He clambered over the low paling which surrounded the venerable building, and stood in the "back ground of life," as Richter denominates the grave-yard. All was silent, save the wind, which sighed mournfully through the linden trees, scattering the seared leaves far and wide. The night was dark, the sky overspread with murky clouds, which sped rapidly along like giant-spirits of the air, revealing here and there a twinkling star. A feeling of awe came over him as he stealthily glided along the tomb-stones; and as he neared the miser's burial place, the midnight tolled loudly from the turret clock, breaking through the solemn silence like the knell of death. He started at the sound, and almost quaked with fear. But as the last stroke died away, he summoned his faltering resolution, and drawing forth the dagger, rushed down the steps of the vault, and with a convulsive shudder, struck it into a damp and mouldy coffin; which returned a sound as if the skeleton within it had fallen assunder, and the bones rattled against the coffin sides. Terrified and agitated, Herman attempted to rush from the vault, but he was held fast by some invisible agency, and uttering a faint cry, fell senseless to the ground.

"What can possibly detain Herman?" said Rosambert to his fellow students. "It is now an hour since he started, and he should have returned ere this. I hope no evil has befallen him."

Another hour elapsed—still he came not. At last it was proposed that they should seek him. A lantern was procured, and after proceeding at a rapid pace they arrived at the church-yard, and descending the gloomy vault, they discovered the body of ill-fated Herman lying upon his face across the threshold, the extremity of his gown fastened to the coffin by the poniard.

It would seem that in his fear and agitation, his hand became entangled in the folds

of his gown, and the dagger pinned it to the coffin, and imagining he had fallen into the power of demons or spirits, he sank lifeless to the ground. He was raised, and the expression of terror upon his countenance was truly horrible. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets—his lips were firmly compressed—and his hair stood bristling upon his head. He was conveyed to the inn with all possible despatch, where efforts were made to resuscitate him, but in vain. The fright had been too much for him—he was dead?

PERSEVERANCE.

There is nothing more necessary to stem the boisterous ocean of this world, than PERSEVERANCE. It will enable us to accomplish that which at first seems insurmountable. How often do we see the most obscure individual, rising gradually to distinction by dint of perseverance. Look at that man, who but a few years ago, was a poor ragged boy. Where is he now? He has reached the pinnacle of fame, and occupies the highest station in the gift of a free people. We might cite many instances to illustrate the great effects of perseverance. We will, however, content ourselves with the reiteration of one, which we hope will be instructive and pleasing to our readers.

A man, who was in good circumstances, once commenced, what is considered the most visionary of all schemes, that of digging for gold. He had labored incessantly for upwards of twenty years, without the least success. His wealth, his time, the labor of his best years, had been spent in the enterprise. His friends admonished him to desist, by portraying the utter impossibility of ever accomplishing his object—the consequent poverty of himself and family.—But he was inexorable. At length his credit failed, and the merchants were unwilling any longer to furnish the articles he most needed to prosecute his labors. On being informed of that, he took his shirt from his back, and offered it as a compensation.—The merchant, thunder-struck with such unequalled perseverance give him the oil. He resumed his labors, and before it was consumed struck a rich vein of gold, which made him master of inexhaustible wealth.

Perseverance should form a conspicuous part in whatever we engage in. In a political warfare it is indispensable—especially where the principles of republicanism are in danger.—Trenton Emporium.

We publish the antedated anecdote of Gen. Jackson, which was related to us by a person who was an eye-witness of the transaction. One of the baggage waggons belonging to the division which Jackson commanded, in passing through a marsh near Kingston, "stalled." On this occasion, a corporal of the regulars, in a very authoritative and peremptory manner, ordered the men of a volunteer company to disengage it from the mud. This order was so haughtily given that the volunteers refused to comply. Jackson, who heard the altercation, approached in his hunting shirt and travelling boots, and being taken for one of the privates, was also ordered to assist; he immediately obeyed the command, but his strength being inadequate to the task, he addressing the corporal, said, "Sir, of what grade are you?" "I am corporal—sir," was the reply. "Who are you?" "I am General Jackson, sir, now you lay hold of one wheel and I will the other, and we'll see how soon the waggon will move." He was fain to comply, and the volunteers immediately tendering their assistance, the waggon was relieved.—Republican Herald

LAWYERS.

And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses
So lawyers, lest they bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave the tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe awhile and then
Cry, whoop, and set them on again.

Butler.